

Erinn Shaughnessy
Febraury 08, 2020

When potentially negative thoughts run through my head the ideas become thought provoking.
They provoke
Some aspect of me, to say "Hey, what about *this*?"

My mind control device (currently) is weed. What's yours?
Everything of course is being used
in a way, for good. But also
The terror, we feel.

The anxiety.

Giving ourselves less before, we get anything at all.
REJOICE!
Rejoice! We seldom do
but why not? What's the harm
in a Victor, every now and then. A time period
Escapes us. We know Nothing. Blank
our mind Devoid of the "Place" of ourselves
Waves of scenarios
flashes of reality wash over us
Steeping us in their warmth: Reality.

This is the Everyday experience.
Shuffling forward d from places, people. Blind to ourselves another
Spectacle. Our bodies push through
Contrived to our standards. Healing in alignment
arbitrary growth
meanwhile we don't chew
Meat, the skin of an apple
we smush and trim
slough off completely.

The dense pull of the teeth with a crisp outer shell - bundling - the flavors. Absorbing, the
nutrients - coaxing them out. Embarking in a gentle friction.

"Who's older?" he asks
"I'm 27 and she's 21" I say
"No, Youre supposed to say '*guess*'" she says.
- No.
We both look, and agree
Fighting through, to the truth of sunshine
You shouldn't.

Subdued remarks, an inquisition of wisdom, of information, history, sequencing, code, memories, facts, instantiations, narrative, metaphor, structure, puzzles, values. A drawing of linearity between Articles of Objections.

Cappsize any distinction of dimension.

But also a Ping of neurological code. A zap of recognition. Hello.

That's green.

No but like Really green.

It's like

Electric Green.

Do you see it?

Pinging in front

Lobotomizing my sight. Subduing it by igniting it temporally

Boom

Burst

Bam

Possibility

Now. Grow

Go.

Words will do This

Get stuck in your head.

Form thought ideas nouns pronouns stories values structure, the scaffolding of life.

There's always those nuggets that have to be twisted and changed.

Minutely screwed in or stirred up.

How do we view ourselves?

Outside of all of the shifting

Where do we grow? Expanse out

Spread ourselves? Where do we fit?

An illusion of an other

To fit into. Cast

yourself out to See.

For yourself

Who you are who we should be

Make yourself who you are

Fearless of anything awaiting you because there is only Now

Today

Here

This moment,

Nothing else

Coming close, Existing at all. Right here a buoyancy effect of Light clawing from within an electrocution

A calming affect on the senses

on Us

Move forward, daily

with *this*

treacherous

let the bombs rain down among you

Among us the *Soltide of Suffering* immense
un-ending
a railing of the senses, punching and clenching
Durable, resilient
That's all we are.
Victor of our own strength. When we electrocute those good feelings we build that into the
system
of ourselves
we Ping
for Happy wisdom for
Tree for
yellow for
Lemon for Staten Island Ferry
for Friend for Mom for Job for
Country music - come on, just give in.

The problem: his name is Billy Currington
And he looks like that, he's wearing that.
Doing... *that*. We attach symbols to everything
We get restless

in our attribution of
narrative, character, depth

Processing space, hardware
We're run on a simulations. It loops in different cycles.
We know who we are
Inside of us: Which one, we remember, know
Feel

have touched, seen, felt, tasted, spoke

All of your senses come back to tell if they're being used properly

taste
water
feel
pee

the freeing bliss

of a smooth stream, going forward

moving leisurely, happy

unobstructed no passerbys

a friendly Hello to yourself and the bliss of the moment
A good happy
How often do we get this? In the little things
a taste, of sweet tea
a symbol of "Hits - the - spot"
Whatever it is
you know it when you feel it in the mechanism of you
the same self a one to one code

The strangely unifying experience of taste
smell

taste texture. Licking a lolly with a dry mouth, a watering one, a warmth, of feeling of change
enjoyment each step of the way. The pop off, Its all, About saliva. Floating in a liquous mass. A
gloopy conglomerate viscous. Hmmm watery plane. Whats up with this. It comes and goes. But
where, does it come from. Virtue Signaling, that's what is is. Identifying and Glorifying and Calling
Out. Asking for Attention. Symbolizing Acception, Adherence to, joy for. Fun. Feel good Nuance.
Pleasure. Is formed.

Or

Biting into a crispy piece of chewy bread with smooth sweet butter piercing the edges of
our mouth. A crisp Salty

giver of Life

We're Happy. Looking at others.

Experiencing the same pleasures

Smiling

Exhaling

Questioning the possibility

These fantasmagorical moments aligning closely with sex. A version of what one could be. A
vision of the couple, the people, the look the sight the feeling the shapes that could be made
with your bodies, the noises the sounds the grunts. Our experience with others

The reality of it all illuding to one

limiting the boundaries of what constitutes a kinship. The enjoyments of Being Alive.

Or

How

we enjoy music

Relative, always to a Larger Audience

A different set of viewing eyes

We see

ourselves being seen by others

we're obsessed with the specificities of judgements.

We Fade

into THEM

Others, THAT

outsourced ideas of illusions

of celebrity

Images of the populus

the elite

the masses The few

An interchange

Incrementalizing,

compartmentalizing ourselves,

our thoughts, our voices merging into one Migrations.

Towards

continuum

of masses

building bridges and trends.

Look up -

look out -

go there.
It's cold -
cool -
repetitive, expanse
of good
boundless exploration.

Skeptical
it feels off putting - duration
Freedom. A joy when you feel it. Happy
open
wild
to themselves

continuum expanse never stop. Go forward
There are signs

you have given to you always
- No Doubt -

- a jarring vibration expanse continuum in itself.
Scarcity allows for recollection

for vision of sight.
Memories.

Like the food, the joy, to job, the Articles of Objection.

All aligned towards one, thought.